PLAYED HE WAS RICH

Cheerful Christmas Tale of Magnificence and Misery.

THE BOY WAS HAPPY FOR A DAY

Pickling Relates the Adventures of a New York Waif Who Minsed is by One Generation.



with a shovelful of snow on each of his broad shoulders could have told little Sam all about them, but Sam didn't know that the policeman had a kind heart and a big club, but Sam was sure about the club alone, and he took no chances. He could not even trust in Providence, because he had never heard of it. He had heard of "the lnck," but he had never heard any good of it, and so he simply trusted in nothing at all, and plodded along

through the snow.

It was acurious paradox that too much exercise made his legs ache, and too little made his stomach ache. He was thinking of a remarkably good dinner that he had three years before, and he had got so confused in thinking about it that he couldn't remember whether he had anything since. It was about that time that the people who had taken him on the sudden death of his monther had arrown tired of him and mother had grown tired of him, and had suggested that the police should be asked to find his grandparents. Sam overheard that. He had a vague delightful recollection of his grand-mother, and, believing that she was to be arrested because of her relationship to such a nuisance as himself, he simply ran away, to destroy the evidence

Sam had been kicked out of all the orways on Sixth avenue, and was on his way across town to try his luck on Third avenue. He was on a street lined with fine houses. They were so large and brilliant that they gave him a distinct impression of the vast ag-gregate of warmth and shelter around him in contrast to the exceedingly small quantity of which he stood hope-leasty in need. Among them was one house that was wholly dark. It was an old-fashioned, high stoop house, with a deep recess on each aide of the door. It seemed to Sam that he could crush himself far enough into one of those recesses to escape observation



from the street. Three-quarters of his circumference would thus be sheltered, and he believed that by a judicious system of revolving on his axis, he might worry through the night.

Sam climbed the steps, inserted his slender frame in the grevice and almost immediately went to sleep, standing up and leaning against the glazed lattice behind him. He awoke suddenly and in terror, seizing the woodwork on either side of him just in time to prevent himself from falling backward into the house. The support behind him had given way. He instantly wheeled about to investigate the damage and compute the probable sentence which the law would inflict upon him. To his surprise he discovered that he had not broken the glass. The lower part of the lattice had simply opened like a door. He pushed it further open and the warm deaught upon his face was like a hospitable voice saying come in." He promptly accepted the

He groped his way to the stairs, and ascended. On the second floor he entered a chamber. Here he dared to strike his match, for he knew that the blinds were drawn. The light revenled so much magnificence that the boy stood dated and let the match burn bis Angers. But it had lasted long enough to show him a luxurious bed, and in the succeeding darkness he made straight for that. His scanty clothes were discurded in a minute. Then he draw down the overring of the bed and made a leap for it.

When Sam awoke next morning he wouldn't believe it. He blinked at a white and gold dressing table for a while and then be muttered: "Oh. no; pur can't fool me;" and went to sleep again. But the second time he remembered. He sat up in bed and looked around.

Say," he said, "this suits me to death. I'm a militonaire's son, I am. Protty soon me mother will some an say Sammy, dear, it's six o'cloric. that up an' have breakfast with yer father before he goes to work. Then we'll eat off of gold plates, an after that me father will put on his overalls an go round to the car stables. Rold

un. I'm forgettin me're rich."
He lay there long, between sleep and walking, and many times reheased the broakfast scene with the gold platest but more and more the thought of what they would contain in the way of food guined prominence over the mere elegation of the service. Fam was simply dving of hunger.

It forced him out of hed and toto his election, and down the stairs to explore

the house. He had a faint hope that there might be food in the kitchen. But is his bitter disappointment he was unable to gain access to that part of the house. There was a door at the head of the stairs and it was locked upon the other side.

The dining room was accessible however. It was a wonderful apartment with a great fireplace in the old style, and a table with curiously carved legs. But there was no food. Sam drew a chair to the head of the table and fat down. He imagined that he had ham and eggs. After disposing of this breakfast, he decided to sit right there and have dinner, so he ordered turkey with cranberry sauce, and consumed the entire bird. Having devoured two meals, mentally, he became so hungry that he nearly fell out of his chair. He decided that he positively must go out and skirmish for nomething to eat.

But how was he to get out? If he

But how was he to get out? If he took the way he had come in some-body would certainly see him, and he would be arrested. He peeped out of a front window. On the other side of



ing the snew from the steps of houses. Sam decided to go up to his bedroom

and wait.

"There must be somethin' to eat in this house," he said, "it mustn't be wrong to take it, if there is, because it would spoil anyway with the folks out

In the dining-room, despite the dark-ness, he recognized a change. The big table where he had eaten imaginary turkey had vanished. In his search of the house in the morning Sam had found some matches, and he now

The first thing Sam saw by this illumination was a small table, with a plate on it. The plate contained something and of course it must be food. Sam grabbed a piece and thrust it into his mouth. It was a "jawbreaker," a sort of candy very popular in the rural districts, because one can buy it for a cent and suck it for a week. It is more nourishing than a glass marble but not much. Sam had never encountered

"This is a little tough," he said, "for a feller that's out o' practice, but I'm gamblin' that I can down it, if yer give

A minute later he removed the jawbreaker from his mouth and remarked in a husky voice: "I'll just call time on you for a minute while I limber up on some pop corn. Then down yer go,

He lighted all the candles within his One tree became a blaze of Then Sam saw under the tree glory. Then Sam saw under the tree a dish of such dimensions that a peck of popcorn did not inconvenience it in the least. There was another containing little crackers made in two pieces, with honey between.

Sam drew a big chair in front of the tree for himself and another for the provisions. Then he lay back and ate popeorn and honey biscuit and sighed between whiles with contentment. As a matter of fact the explanation

of the occurrence was very simple. The house was the property of an old farmer from the wilds of St. Lawrence county, who had inherited it and a barrel of money from a brother whom he had supposed long dead.

The old farmer and his wife had

noved from their queer little farm house into a mansion. At first they had looked upon it as fairyland. They had wandered delightedly through the rooms and then its size began to oppress them. They had gradually stracted the area of their occupancy, until on the night when my friend Sammy effected an entrance so unexpectedly, the old couple were living in two rooms in the basement which they had furnished to look as much like the rooms at the farm as possible. Having no relatives but a grandson whom a dozen high priced detectives were predozen high priced detectives were pre-tending to try to find, they had felt very lonely and especially so at Christ-mas. So they had prepared that tree for a lot of poor children, and were to entertain them on the evening of

Christmas day. Now it happened when Sam had meditated some minutes upon the beauty of the spectacle before him he heard a a poles and turned around. There stood a tall, thin man wearing a long chin whister, and armed with an iron poker. Behind him was a nice old lady with a nightcap on her head.

"You varmint!" said the farmer, when his eyes rested on Sam.

Now, these, of course, were Sammy's grandpurents, or I wouldn't have told the story. But they didn't know him. nor he them. Now, the question is, what did they do with hin? He was clearly a burglar, and the countryman hates the housebreaker.

I honestly didn't know what to do with him myself when I got him as far as that whether to give him roast turkey or ten years in the Elmira re-formatory. So I'll make you guesa And if I can also make you see the tears in the eyes of the old lady with the nightcap, while Sammy is telling his story, you'll guess right Howard Freintse.

A little girl of 5 years recently used the expression "postmortem judgment." Upon her brother's questioning her and insisting that she should define it, she

"Well, if you do a thing and then afterward wish you had done another thing, that's postmortem jodgment."— Journal of Education.

"Bay," said the office boy, "I think the boss ought to gimme a half bone extra this week, but I gness he won't." "What for?" asked the bookkeeper.

"For overtime. I was dreamin about a work all lee' night."—Indianapolis nrus!

GOODS PUT IN BOXES

Number of Uses for Which Cardboard is Essential.

HAVE BOXES FOR EVERYTHING

jone Interesting Information Regarding the Beginning and Growth of an Important Industry.

In the multiplicity of modern conveniences the paper box holds a front place. Half a century ago the dry goods dealer would present an empty box to the little daughter of his regular customer as a mark of special favor. Boxes were then used only by the wholesale houses to send out their goods in, and the retailer kept them to show his wares in. Now the customer insists upon his purchase being placed in a neat box. Not only is this so in the dry goods business, but in every other business. The cyster fry in a box as a peacemaker was a popular joke half a dozen years ago; now they put ice-cream in boxes, and all sorts of things. Candy used to be sold in paper bags; the smallest purchase has to be put in a box. The savey confectioner might hand a paper bag to a woman who had made a small purchase, but never to a man. The man is probably more particular about his parcel than a woman. He hates to be seen carrying parcels, anyway, and those he does carry must be thoroughly well disguised. If he buys a bottle of whisky he must have it in a box, so that his friends may mistake it for a pair of shoes.

It is not surprising, therefore, any

shoes.

It is not surprising, therefore, says the New York Advertiser, that paper box making should have grown into an important industry. In this city alone no less than five thousand girls are employed in it. It is a comparatively clean, healthy business, is regular and is well paid, the wages averaging between seven and ten dollars a week. There are in this city seventy-five firms engaged in the business, but three-fourths of it is done by ten large firms, whose individual output will run from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. As the average cost of a paper box is five cents, you can form some idea from this of the enormous number that are used. One candy maker alone during the month of December last used ten thousand dollars' worth of boxes.

Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago are also prominent in this industry, and the workmen and girls employed by the firms of those cities cannot be

much less than twenty thousand. The first paper box maker was George W. Plumly, who started in the business at Philadelphia in 1846. He and his partner cut out the boxes, their only tools being a straight edge, compasses, shoe knife and selssors. They employed five girls to paste, and for six or seven years had a monopoly of the business. Then Charles W. Jencks started in the business in Providence, and introduced a rough scoring machine to cut partly through the card-board where it is folded to make the At that time it was a struggle to obtain proper materials. There were few paper mills in the country and the straw board used was very poor stuff, not two sheets coming out of the mill of the same size. It was made by hand of straw, meadow hay, refuse straw from stables, dried in the open air on the ground, and consequently was often filled with sand, which made it interesting for the cutters. The best quality of mill board was all im-

In those early days the young wom-en in the paper box factories made boxes as their mothers made pies, "one at a time and that one well." A girl who could make pies quickly and well could make boxes in a similar style. The operations were somewhat similar. There was the same manner of cutting out material, the same caressing way of patting down and smoothing out the box coverings as the pie crust and the same way of trimming off surplus material. Now everything is done by machinery in paper box making, and the girls have nothing to do but feed the material to the ma-

George A. Dickerman, of Boston, started in the business in 1868 in Bos ton, and about 1870 a Frenchman named Rouyon introduced the business in this city. The old-fashioned way of scoring the pasteboard with a rule and a cobbler's kuife continued until 1871, when the first machine was introduced. This was the invention of Mr. Bigelow, of New Haven. This scoring machine was such a success that a number of firms sprang up. Six years after a man named Marshall, of Boston, made a lighter and easier running machine, and in 1881 John T. Robinson & Co. invented the present scoring machine. The trouble with the former machines was in the time it took to adjust the knives to a new size or pattern of box; in the Robinson scorer there are two sets of knives, so that one can be adjusted while the other is being

Nowadays the whole of the material is made in this country, and it is a sat-isfaction to know that the scoring machines and the box making machines are all the result of Yankee ingenuity. Paper boxes are used all over the world now, and all the world has to get its machines from this country. In France paper boxes are still made by hand by many firms, but the machines have been introduced there and it will not be long before Yankee inventions will be at work in all their factories.

The box maker now receives two dollars for the same work he received five dollars for twenty-one years ago, yet he makes a larger profit and is able to pay higher wages. The machines are uncomplicated and not expensive. The siness gives steady employment, as there is practically no particular season, and when not working on orders the machines are running on stock, of which a large supply has always to be kept on hand.

Such is the captd growth of the paper box industry, which now has three good trade papers to represent its in-

The Modern Mother

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant inxative, tyrop of Figs, when in need of the lazative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more accept-

able to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The time remedy, Syrup of Figs. is manufactured by the Califor-nia Fig Syrup Co. only.

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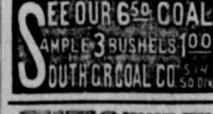
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